## CHILD OF PROMISE, LOOKED FOR LONG!



2. Arms of flesh uphold thee now, though thine arm upholds us all; royal crowns adorn thy brow, though thy chamber be a stall, and thy bed an humble manger, strange it is, there's nothing stranger.

3. While the great and wise, with scorn, look upon a sight like this, they who from above are born, know that nothing is amiss, all is right, and as it should be,

nothing greater, wiser could be.

6. And that feeble arm of thine destined is to do a deed, other deeds that will outshine, and their measure far exceed; one of love, of grace abounding, one, all human thought confounding.

5. Holy Child! those lips of thine,

soon will utter words divine,

words that will be heard afar,

to the distant nations reaching,

mute though now they seem, and are,

till "the end of all things" teaching.

4. 'Tis the case of one who rich, poor became, and lowly was; riches his, compared to which other wealth no value has, he bestows his wealth on others, this is love beyond a brother's.

7. Hail! mysterious Infant, hail!
Thee we honour and adore;
thine a throne that will not fail,
thine a name all names before,
thine a pow'r, all pow'r transcending,
thine a glory never ending.

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